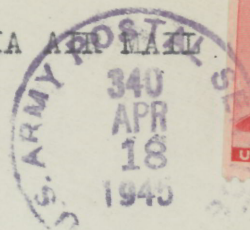
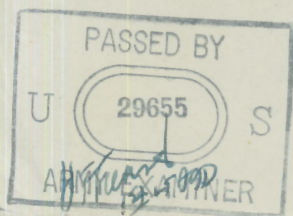


Sgt Clifton L. Gallup  
38th MRU (M), Hq XX Corps  
APO 340, c/o Postmaster  
New York City, N. Y.

VIA AIR MAIL



Mrs. C. L. Gallup  
114 Michigan Street  
Redlands, California





Somewhere in Germany  
17 April 1945  
Tuesday.

My Darling Wife,

Good evening, honey. Hope that you are feeling ok and that everything with you and Laura is going ok.

I am feeling better now than I have since while on the trip to Paris. I caught cold sleeping in a draft in the barracks at one of the other MRU's on the way back from Paris and have had some miserable days since.

The work in the office is more nearly caught up again now after the trip, too, so I have more chance to write now. I haven't written a letter other than the one to you a few nights ago since I left for the Paris trip. Since I got back I have either been working, getting things straightened out at the quarters, or trying to study for the examination I expect to have in the next week or two for Warrant Officer. My application went through ok on the 15th, so the next thing will probably be the board examination by a Board of Officers. I do not know how long it will be before that will ~~be~~ come about, but in the meantime I want to spend what spare time I have in the evenings at the unit when the generators are running. We do not have lights in the German civilian house where we are living and I must come to the unit after the night shift goes to work to do much writing or reading. It gets dark at the quarters so soon after work and chow is over that I can never do all of the things that I intend to do in the evenings.

Since I have not written to Mother, Relva, or anyone else at home, I wish that you would let Mother read the letter about my trip to Paris. That will save me the time of writing a good deal of the same thing twice or three times and will explain why I have not written sooner. Thanks, honey.

The last letter I received from you I got on the 4th of April and it was dated the 16th of March. The mail just is not coming through. But we still have hopes, and maybe someday soon we will get a whole bundle of mail.

The weather here has been warm and nice today, but we have had some rain during the past week and the ground is still a little muddy. The day we returned to the unit from the trip to Paris it was raining, and it really did rain.

(next sheet)



A few days after we set up in the present location we heard a good deal about a German concentration camp near here that the Jerries had operated until our troops liberated the internees. Every man in the unit was given the opportunity to go to see the camp and all its horrors if he so desired. I went on one of the trips, and saw for myself things that one could not believe unless he did see for himself. I hope that I never see again anything so horrible. I will not begin to describe anything that I saw, but I can say that it was the most inhuman thing that I ever saw. Even the lowest animal is treated better than the Germans were treating the prisoners at this camp.

It is hard to believe that a civilization, such as the present buildings, architecture, machinery, power systems, and the whole city that we see here reflect to have been prevailing in Germany, could also produce the horror we saw in the concentration camp.

Well, honey, that is all for tonight in the way of news. I am thinking of you, longing to be with you, and you are ever in my heart, in my thoughts, and in my prayers. You and Laura mean everything to me. Tell Laura that daddy sends her his love too.

Goodnight, darling. Pleasant dreams.

Your ever loving husband,

*Cliff*